

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

From the Flag of our Union.

The Pilgrimage of Thought.

BY WILLIE E. FADOR.

Through the solemn gates of silence,
Went I into quiet land,
Where the angels keep surveillance
Over all who in it stand.

In a solitude enchanted,
In the holy hush of awe,
Rounded I down the angel haunted
And the angel guarded shore.

And my thoughts were with me ever,
Floating on the wave of mind,
Like a white ship on a river,
Or an eagle on the wind.

They were like to forms of beauty,
Seen in visions of the night,
Leading evermore to duty,
Until duty seemed delight.

With their eyes so full of pleading—
And their fingers, white as snow,
As the moments were receding,
Pointed out the way to go.

And I followed, till the dawning
Of a glory undefined
Raised the mist that draped the morning
Of the summer of the mind.

Floating down a sylvan meadow,
Like a cloud in April day,
Went the sad and solemn shadow,
Followed by the sunny ray.

'Twas as if had been uplifted
Curtains in some Persian hall,
Where the golden sunshine drifted
Round about and over all.

Glory seemed to blend with glory,
In mosaic rich and rare,
As one sometimes reads in story,
Of a rainbowed earth and air.

Till it seemed as if my spirit
Had asunder rent its clay,
And had risen to inherit
Bliss as endless as its day.

In beatitude supernal,
Such as angels feel above,
In a lease that was eternal,
It was living out its love.

Honors come by diligence—riches spring
from economy.

From Moores Western Magazine.

The Angel Over the Right Shoulder; OR, THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR.

'A woman's work is never done,' said Mrs. James; 'I am sure I thought I should get through by sun down, and here is this lamp now, on which I must go and spend half an hour before it will burn.'

'Don't you wish you had never been married,' said Mr. James, with a good natured laugh.

'Yes,' rose to Mrs. James' lips; but a glance at her husband and two little urchins, who, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, were tumbling him over, checked that reply.

'I should like the good with the evil, if I could have it,' she said.

'I am sure you have no great evil to endure,' replied her husband.

'That is just all you gentlemen know it. How should you like it if you could not get an uninterrupted half-hour to yourself, from morning till night? What would become of your favorite studies?'

'I do not think there is any need of that. I know your work could be arranged so systematically as to give you some time to call your own.'

'Well, all I wish is,' was the reply, 'that you would follow me round for one day, and see what I have to do.'

When the lamp was trimmed the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had given the subject some thought.

'Wife,' said he, 'I have a plan to propose, and I wish you to promise me that you will accede to it. It is an experiment, and I wish you to give it a fair trial, to please me.'

After hesitating awhile, as she had great reason to suppose it would be quite impracticable, she at length promised.

'This is my plan. I want you to take two hours out of every day, for your own private use. Make a point of going up into your room, and locking yourself in, and let the work go undone if it must. Spend this time in the manner most profitable to yourself. Now, I shall bind you down to your promise for one month; at the end of that time, if it has proved a total failure, we will find some other way.'

'When shall I begin?'

'To-morrow.'

To-morrow came. Mrs. James had selected two hours before dinner as the most convenient for her; and as the family dined at one o'clock, she was to have finished her morning work, be dressed and in her room at eleven. Hearty as her efforts were to accomplish this, the appointed hour found her with her work but half done; yet, true to her promise, she retired to her room, and turned the key in the door.

After spending perhaps half an hour in forming her plans for study, she drew up a table, placed her books before her, prepared her paper, and commenced with much enthusiasm. Scarcely was the pen dipped in the ink, when there was a trampling of little feet along the hall, and a loud pounding on the chamber door.

'Mamma, mamma, I cannot find my mittens, and Frank is going out with me to slide.'

'Go to Amy, daughter, mamma is busy now.'

'Amy is busy, too, and says she can't leave the baby.'

Upon this, the child began to cry. The easiest way for Mrs. James to settle the difficulty, and indeed the only way, was to go and hunt up the missing article. Then a parley must be held with Frank to induce him to wait for his sister, and the little girls tears must be dried, and little hearts must be set right before the children were sent out to play, and a little lecture given, too, on the necessity of putting things where they belonged. Time slipped away, and Mrs. James returned to her study. Her watch told her that one hour was gone. She quietly resumed her task, and was getting well under way again, when a heavier step was heard, and her door was once more tried. Now Mr. James must be admitted.

'Mary,' said he, 'do come and put on a string for me. There is not a bosom in my drawer in order. I am in a hurry. I ought to have been down town an hour ago.'

Mrs. James went for her work-basket, and followed him. The tape was sewed on; then a button needed fastening, then a rip in his glove must be mended.

Mrs. James took his glove and stitched away at it, with a smile lurking in the corner of her mouth.

'What are you laughing at,' inquired her husband.

'To think how famously your plan works,' she replied.

'I declare,' exclaimed he 'was this your study hour? I am sorry; but what can a man do? he cannot go down town without a shirt bosom.'

'Certainly not,' replied his wife, quietly.

When her liege lord was fairly equipped, Mrs. James returned to her study again. About half an hour remained to her, of which she determined to make the most. Once more her place was found, and her pen dipped in the ink, when there was another disturbance in the entry. Amy had returned with the baby from his walk. She took him in the nursery to get him asleep. Now, the only room in the house, where Mrs. James could have a fire to herself, was one adjoining the nursery. The ordinary noise of the children did not disturb her, but the very extraordinary noise which Master Charley felt called upon to make, when he was fairly upon his back in the cradle, was rather more than could be borne by most mothers without seriously disturbing the train of their thoughts. Mrs. James closed her book till the storm should be overpast. Soon after quiet was restored, the children came in from sliding, crying with cold fingers.

Just as the dinner bell rang, Mrs. James closed her book in despair.

'How did you succeed with your studies this morning,' inquired Mr. James. 'I am sure I did not hinder you long.'

'No, yours was only one of a dozen interruption.'

'Oh, well, you must not get discouraged. You cannot expect to succeed the first time. Persist till the family learn that if they want any thing of you, they must come at some other time.'

The second day of trial happened to be a stormy one, and as the morning was very dark, Bridget

overslept herself, and breakfast was an hour later. This lost hour Mrs. James could not recover.—Eleven o'clock came, and her morning work was but half done. With a mind disturbed and depressed, she left things in the suds as they were, and retired punctually to her study. She found, however, that it was impossible to fix her attention upon any thing which required thought. Neglected duties haunted her as ghosts do the guilty conscience. Finding she was really doing nothing with her book, and wishing not to lose the morning wholly, she commenced a letter. Bridget came to her door, before she had written half a page.

'What shall we have for dinner, ma'am? There aint no marketing come, and you did not tell me what to get.'

'Have some steak.'

'We aint got any.'

'Well, I will send out for some.'

Now there was no one to send but Amy, and Mrs. James knew it. With a sigh, she put away her letter and went into the nursery.

'Amy, Mr. James has forgotten the marketing. I wish you would run over to the provision store, and order some beef steak. I will stay with the baby.'

Amy was none too well pleased to be sent on the errand. She remarked she must first change her dress.

'Be as quick as possible, then,' said Mrs. James, 'for I am particularly engaged this morning.'

Amy neither obeyed nor disobeyed, but managed to take her own time, in reality, though without any direct determination to do so.

Mrs. James, thinking she might get along a sentence or two in the nursery, took the German book in. But to this arrangement, Charley would by no means consent. Mamma must show him the kittens in the book; whether there was any or not in it, was all one thing to him—but amused he must be. Half her second time of trial was gone when Amy came in, and with a sigh, Mrs. James returned to her room. Before one o'clock, she had been twice called into the kitchen, on some important business relating to the dinner, and for this day not one entire page of a letter had been written.

On the third she rose early, made every provision for dinner and the comfort of the family which she deemed necessary, and elated by success, in good spirits, and with good courage, she entered her study precisely at eleven o'clock.

Now she was to have a fine time of it. Her books were opened, and a hard lesson summoned to the conflict. Scarcely had she read a line when she heard the door bell ring.

'Somebody wishes to see you in the parlor, Mrs. James.'

'Tell them I am engaged, Bridget.'

'I told them you were to home, ma'am, and they gave me their names, but I did not exactly understand.'

Mrs. James was obliged to go. To smile when she felt sober, to be social when her thoughts were elsewhere. Her friends, however, seemed to find her agreeable, for they made a long call, and when they rose to go others came. So, in the most unsatisfactory chit-chat, all this morning went.

On the next day Mr. James invited company to tea, and Mrs. James was obliged to give up the morning to prepare for it, and did not enter her study.

On the day following she was obliged to keep her bed with sick head-ache, and on Saturday, Amy having extra work to do, the care of baby devolved on her. Thus passed the first week.

True to her promise, Mrs. James patiently persevered in her promise for a month, in her efforts to secure to herself this fragment of her broken time, with what success the week's history can tell. With its close, closed the month of December.

Being particularly occupied on the last day of the old year, in getting ready for the morrows festival, it was near the last hour in the day when she made her good nights call in the nursery.

She went to the crib to look at baby. There he lay fast asleep, in his innocence and beauty.—She kissed his rosy cheeks gently, and softly stroked his golden hair, and pressing his little dimpled hands within hers, she drew the warm covering

more closely around him carefully tucking it in; then stealing one more kiss, she left him to his slumbers, and sat down on her daughter's bed, she was also sweetly sleeping with her dolly hugged closely to her.

Her mother smiled, but soon it seemed as if graver and sadder thoughts filled her mind, as indeed they did. She was thinking of her disappointed plan. To her, not only the past month, but year seemed to have been one of fruitless efforts. It seemed to her broken and disjointed. Even her hours of religious meditation had been encroached upon and distracted.

She had accomplished nothing that she could see but keep her house and family; and to her saddened thoughts, even this seemed to have been but indifferently done—yearning for something better than this she was conscious of. What did she need then? To see some of the results of her life work? To be conscious of some unity of purpose, some weaving together of these life-strings, now so broken and single.

She felt she was sure no desire to shrink from duty, however humble; but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what was duty. Her pursuits, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her but frivolous. She felt there some better way of living, which she had failed of discovering. As she leaned over her child, her tears now fell fast upon that young brow.

How earnestly wished that mother that she could shield her child from the disappointments, and self-reproaches, and mistakes from which she was then suffering; that the little one might take up life, where she could give it to her, mended by all her own experience. It would have been a great comfort could she have felt that she could fight the battle for both.

Yet she knew that it could not be so; that we must all learn for ourselves what it is that make for our peace. With tears still in her eyes, she gave the good night to the child, and with soft step entered the adjoining room, and there softly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek, which rested among the pillows; then she sought her own rest.

Soon she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain; no trees were visible, save those that skirted the distant horizon. On their tops rested a wreath of golden clouds. Before her, traveling toward that distant land, was a female. Little children were about her, sometimes in her arms, and sometimes by her side. As she journeyed on, she busied herself caring for them. Now she soothed them when weary; now she taught them how to travel; and again she warned them of the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks in the way.

She helped them over the one and taught them to be wary of the other. She talked to them of that golden light which she kept constantly in view, and towards which she seemed to be hastening with her little flock. But what was most remarkable was, that all unknown to her, two golden clouds floated above her, on which reposed two angels. Before each was a golden book and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over the right shoulder, and the other over the left.

They followed her from the rising to the setting of the sun. They watched every word, and look, and deed, no matter how trivial; when it was good, the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down in book; when evil, however trivial, the angel over the left shoulder wrote it down in his book.

Then he kept his sorrowful eyes on her till he found penitence for the evil, upon which he dropped a tear upon his record, and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced.

To the lookers on it seemed as if the traveller did little which was worthy such careful record.

Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her children, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did but wait patiently to lure back some little truant, who had taken a step in the wrong direction, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down.

Sometimes with her eyes fixed upon the golden horizon, she became so intent upon her own progress as to let the little pilgrims at her side languish or stray. Then it was the angel over the

left shoulder who lifted the golden pen, and made the entry, followed her with sorrowing eyes, seeking to blot it out.

If, wishing to hasten on her journey, she left little ones behind, it was the sorrowing angel recorded her progress.

Now the observer felt as she looked on, that this was a faithful record, and was to be kept to that journey's end.

Those strong clasps of gold, on those golden books, also impressed her with the belief that they were to be sealed up for a future opening.

Her sympathies were warmly excited for the traveler, and with a beating heart, she quickened her steps that she might overtake her, and tell her what she had seen, and entreated her to be watchful, and faithful, and patient, to the end of her life's work, for she had herself seen that its results would all be known when those golden books should be unclasped. That she must not think any duty trivial that it fell in her way to do, for surely there was an angel over her right shoulder, or one over her left who would record it all.

Eager to warn her of this, she gently touched her. The traveller turned, and she recognized, or seemed to recognize, herself. Startled and alarmed, she awoke, and found herself in tears. The grey light of morning struggled through the half-opened shutters, the door was ajar, and merry faces were peeping in.

'Wish you a happy New Year, mamma! Wish you a happy New Year!'

She returned the greeting heartily. She seemed to have entered on a new existence; she had found her way through the mazes where she had been entangled, and light was now about her path. The angel over her right shoulder, whom she had seen in her dream, had assured her that her little work was bound up in that golden book; that its final results would be known—had assured her what was duty. Now she saw plainly enough what she had not seen before—that while it was right and important for her to cultivate, as far as she could, her own mind and heart, it was equally right and equally important for her to perform faithfully, all those little household duties and cares on which the comfort or virtue of her family depended.

They had acquired new dignity from the records of that golden pen; and they could not be neglected without great danger.

Sad thoughts and misgivings, and ungratified longings seemed all to have taken their flight with the old year, and it was with a new resolution, and cheerful hope, and a happy heart, that she welcomed the New Year.

THE GREAT CENTRAL SEA IN TROPICAL AFRICA.—In the *Calwar Missionblatt* we find, with some letters from Dr. Kedam, dated the 13th and 30th of April, a map which is communicated by the learned missionary.—On this map, between the Equator and ten degrees of south latitude, and between the twenty-third and thirtieth meridians, lies an immense sea, without any outlet, twice as large as the Black Sea, including the Sea of Azof. It is designated Ukerewe or inner Sea, and the well-known Njassa Sea appears as a small bay on the south-east. Dr. Redman refers to a map in detail which his companion, Dr. Erhardt, is bringing to Europe. This great discovery, the consequence of which can hardly be estimated, has rested hitherto on the testimony of the natives of both shores of the Inner Sea with whom the missionaries came in contact. Dr. A. Peterman remarks, in a letter to the *Atheneum* that the African geographer, Mr. Cooly, argued long ago for the existence of a single great sea in the centre of Equatorial Africa, and this opinion was prevented from becoming general only by the obstinate opposition of the missionaries of Eastern Africa, who now confess this error.

Let us all remember that whatsoever we sow, that shall we also reap.

From Life Illustrated.

Position of Women in Barbarous Nations.

How much women owe to civilization, and how great an interest they have in maintaining and advancing it, may be shown by describing their position in the uncivilized countries and ages.

Over a large part of the Eastern world the opinion prevails that women have no souls. That the Mohammedans think so is well known, and it appears from the recent work of M. Huc that the opinion is common in China. Observe this passage from M. Huc:

"As we were leaving Leang-chian," said Master Ting, "when we passed through that street where there were so many women assembled, I heard it said that they were Christians. Isn't that nonsense?"

"No; certainly it was the truth—they were Christians." He looked stupefied with astonishment, and his arms fell down by his side.

"I don't understand that said he; 'I have heard you say that people become Christians to save their souls. Is that it?'"

"Yes, that is the object we propose to ourselves."

"Then what can the women become Christians for?"

"What for! To save their souls, like the men."

"But they have no souls," said he, stepping back a pace, and folding his arms, "women have no souls. You can't make Christians of them."

We endeavored to remove the scruples of the worthy man on this point. The very notion tickled his fancy so much that he laughed with all his might. "Nevertheless," he said, "when I get home again to my family, I will tell my wife that she has got a soul. She will be a little astonished, I think."

It is evident from this story that the notion of woman's having souls was new to Master Ting.

In the second place, women are regarded as property, in all the uncivilized nations. "Land," say the New Zealanders, "is the only treasure of equal value to a woman; most other treasures are perishable; but land and women are treasures that last forever. Women produce children, and land produces food to sustain life." In other tribes women are not so highly valued, but they are in all looked upon as property.

Women, being property, can of course be stolen. In Australia, the stealing of women, it appears, is an exceedingly common practice. The life of an Australian beauty, is thus, described in Gray's Journal:

Should a female be possessed of considerable personal attractions, the first years of her life must necessarily be very unhappy. In her early infancy she is betrothed to some man, even at this period advanced in years, and by whom, as she approaches the age of puberty, she is watched with a degree of vigilance and care which increases in proportion to the disparity of years between them—it is probably from this circumstance that so many of them are addicted to intrigues, in which, if they are detected by their husbands, death, or a spear through some portion of the body, is their certain fate; indeed, the bare suspicion of infidelity upon their part, is enough to insure to them the most cruel and brutal treatment. For these causes, during youth, they are compelled, whether pregnant or not, to accompany their husbands in all their excursions, and are thus subject to violent and continued exercise and fatigue at periods when repose is indispensable.

But even suppose a woman to give no encouragement to her admirers, many plots are always laid to carry her off, and in the encounters which result from these, she is almost certain to receive some violent injury, for each of the combatants orders her to follow him, and in the event of her refusing, throws a spear at her. The early life of a young woman at all celebrated for beauty is generally one continued series of captivity to different masters, of ghastly wounds, of wanderings in strange families, of rapid flights, of bad treatment from other females among whom she is brought a stranger by her captor; and rarely do you see a form of unusual grace and elegance but it is marked and scarred by the furrows of old wounds; and many a female thus wanders several

hundred miles from the home of her infancy, being carried off successively to distant and more distant points.

Captain Wilkes says that the practice of stealing women prevails in all parts of the Pacific.

Women being property, can of course be bought and sold. In the Feejee Islands a woman of the lower class can be bought for one whale's tooth, and the buyer may eat her if he chooses. Among the Caffres one or two cows is the usual price of a wife. In New Guinea, we are told that women are a strictly cash article, no credit being allowed. Baron Haxthausen says that twenty-five ship loads of girls are brought to Constantinople every year, and that every sixth ship that sails is lost.

A very curious passage in Heroditus shows that the Ancient Assyrians had no conception of a woman as a person. Heroditus says, speaking of Assyrian customs:

The wisest, in my idea, is this, which I understand holds also among the Venitians of Illyria. Once every year the following scene took place in every village. "Whatever maiden might be of marriageable years were all collected and brought into one certain place, around which stood a multitude of men. A crier called up each girl separately, and offered her for sale; he began with the prettiest of the lot, and when she had found a rich bidding he sold her off and called up another—the next he ranked in beauty. All these girls were sold off in marriage; the rich men that were candidates for a wife bid against one another for the handsomest; the more humble classes, desirous of getting partners, did not absolutely require beauty, but were willing to take even the ugly girls for a sum of money. Therefore, when the crier had gone through the list of the prettiest women and disposed of them, he put up the ugliest, or some one that was a cripple, if any there were, and offering to dispose of her, called out for the bidder that would for the smallest sum take her to live with him; so he went on till he came to her that he considered the least for bidding. The money for this was got by the sale of the pretty maidens, so that the handsome and well-shaped gave dowries to the ugly and deformed. It was not lawful for any one to give his daughter to whom he chose, nor for a person to take a girl away that he had purchased, without giving bond that he verily proposed to marry her when he might take her with him. If the couple could not agree, the law permitted the money to be returned. It was also allowed for any man coming from another village, to make a purchase if he choose. This was the best of their institutions.

Less "wise," according to a recent writer, are the Orientals of the present day. "In India," says Mr. Dubois, "the practice of purchasing the young women whom they are to marry, is the inexhaustible source of disputes and litigation, particularly among the poorer people. These, after the marriage is solemnized, not finding it convenient to pay the stipulated sum, the father-in-law commences an action, or more commonly recalls his daughter home, in the expectation that the desire of getting her back may stimulate the son-in-law to procure the money. This sometimes succeeds; but if the young man is incapable of satisfying the avarice of his father-in-law, he is obliged to leave his wife with him in pledge. Now, there is time for reflection, and the father-in-law, finding that the sum can not be raised, and that his daughter from her youth is exposed to great temptations, which might lead to the disgrace of all his family, relaxes a little, and takes what the son-in-law is able to pay. A reconciliation is thus effected, and the young man conducts his wife quietly home."

Women being property, they are of course subjected to infinite degradation. "The Hindoo laws," says the *Westminster Review*, "abounded in the most contumelious and insulting epithets applied to a woman—'infidelity, violence, deceit, envy, extreme avariciousness, a total want of good qualities, with impurity, are the innate faults of woman-kind;' nevertheless, in addition to her fervent and constant worship of her husband, she is called upon to lead the life of a saint: 'She must be watchful over her temper, never covetous of what belongs to another; her deportment and her mind must be always serene. If a stranger insinuates

himself, and woos her with the most impetuous passion—if he offers her the richest garments and jewels above all price—by the gods! she will spurn him from her presence.' Self-renunciation, disinterestedness, and devotion to another are the virtues she must always practice. But the duties of this admirable slave do not end with this life; if her husband should die before her, she is summoned to attend him to the next world. Should she not have strength to surmount the flames of the funeral pile, she must linger out a lonely existence until death conveys her to her lord. 'Let her,' says the sacred ordinance, 'emaciate her body by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots, and fruit; but let her not when her lord is deceased even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death, forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practicing the incomparable rules of virtue, which have been followed by such women as were devoted to one husband only.'"

The women of China hold, if possible, a position even more degraded than this. According to an old Chinese writer, "The newly married wife should be but a shadow and an echo in the house." Her husband can strike her with impunity, starve her, sell her, and even let her out for a longer or shorter period, as is done in the province of Tehe-Kiang. The number of women driven to suicide by their accumulated sufferings is very great. When a Chinaman thus loses his wife, he usually manifests, we are told, "a great deal of emotion, for, in fact, he has suffered a considerable loss, and will be under the necessity of buying another wife!"

Respecting the position of women in ancient Greece, we have an interesting statement in the *Review* already quoted:

A Greek wife neither went out with her husband to dinner, nor sat at table with his guests. She was looked upon rather as a necessary help-mate than as an agreeable companion, and when the Athenians spoke of their wives and children they generally put their wives last. Women were always in a state of tutelage, perpetually in the power and subject to the direction of their fathers, husbands, or other legally appointed guardians. After the death of the father of a family, it was no unfrequent occurrence for the mother, ripened by age and experience, to find herself under the control of her son. If a woman were cited into court, the form used was—We cite A. B. and her guardian, she, alone, being a nonentity. Respecting the women of Athens, we are told that "every thing which concerned their lives, their happiness, or their rights was determined for them by their male relatives, and they seem to have been destitute of all mental culture and refinement."

The detestable custom of confining women prevailed with more or less strictness throughout Greece; perhaps its continuance in the absence of its usual cause—polygamy—may be ascribed to Oriental influence, rendered more potent by means of the Greek colonies in Ionia. The rooms occupied by the women were, for the sake of greater privacy, always at the back and often in the upper part of the house. The Grecian maidens were watched and guarded in strong apartments, and even after marriage the restrictions imposed on young women of the middle and higher classes evinced a degree of jealousy befitting the lord of an Asiatic harem. "Hermione is severely reproached by the old woman that waits on her, for appearing out of doors, which was a freedom, she tells her, which was likely to endanger her reputation; and Meander says expressly, that the door was the farthest a married woman ought to go, and reproves one for exceeding these limits."—"Even on occasions of great public alarm (i. e. when the news of the defeat at Chæroneia reached Athens,) the women are spoken of as standing at their doors, and inquiring the fate of their husbands, a circumstance considered discreditable to them and their city."

To the Romans—the wisest as well as the greatest of ancient nations—woman owes her partial emancipation from the power of the stranger. As the equal and the friend of man, a woman was regarded in Roman law—as a person with rights—as the weaker, to be protected, not abused. The name of Roman Matron was as honorable as that of Roman Citizen.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JANUARY 15, 1886.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. SANBORN, will be entitled to another copy.

MARY B. SMITH is right. When woman feels not only that her earnings are her own, but that no one covets them, she will not ask for fifty cents subscribe for a woman's paper or anything else.—The Ladies visited by

JANE E. MADDEN, Muscatine, Iowa, were differently situated. She was not out an hour, and collected subscription for seven without trouble. All have our thanks.

CATA W. ALLEN, will please accept our thanks. Not often do we feel so cheered by action as well as intent.

HARRIET M. BENTON, particularly merits our thanks.

MARY HINDMAN—Many thanks for remembrance of The Lily:

The Ladies at Moreland, N. Y.—Better friends we need none.

LUCY M. HOW—Those sentiments are excellent and that "proof of good wishes," much the same.

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Remember the Poor [Wages.]

Remember the poor, is the song, and a pretty and kind one it is, said we, as we laid down newspaper after newspaper; but somehow, as we sat dreamily thinking of the widow without wood and flour, the orphans without stockings or shoes, the

young girls with thin and patched frock, of the sick and the hungry, the sad and the toil-worn, there seemed to come up, as an unsung demand, not an anthem, but a prayer; not a petition for charity, but a presentation of right. REMEMBER THE POOR WAGES.

It is a sad thing to read in our numerous journals the tales of woe and wretchedness, of poverty and unpaid toil, and the comments upon them are vivid and thrilling in the extreme. There in one paper are two stories—one of two sisters, one sick and the other struggling with the numb fingers, and by the dim light, to finish the white marseilles vest, for the making of which, she could earn, according to a barbarian custom, only enough to buy a little cordial and a little supper. Then she is at the mercy of an ill-tempered and worried shop keeper, whether or no she gets any pay. And after receiving into her very soul, the cold iron of inhumanity, and the shock of a cruel disappointment, the man of money doles out the pittance, shamefully small in comparison with the work, and—and he is a charitable man!

And then, again, we read of the death of the poor, but honest and industrious mechanic, who is stricken down, as it were, with the thanks warm upon his lips, to his Creator, for the loved ones for whom he has toiled, and for life, and health, and the strong arm given him. Then comes the weary hours, the hard toil, and above all, the poor pay. And then comes to the widow the piteous phrase,

"God pity the poor! Yes, God pity the poor!" we repeat. And while we breathe this prayer, let us do all that lies in our power towards answering it, by giving of our abundance to relieve their pinching poverty."

Oh! for a voice to ring into every soul, and shake every heart-fibre, with the cry, remember the poor's wages. Then that charity can stay in the pocket, or be given to the man who has no contrivance, or who is too lazy or too sick to work.—Put back the hand of charity, when the object is a woman, diligent and thrifty. Offer to such, only the good right hand of justice.

It is mortifying to hear of the vauntings of charity to widows and orphans, and disgusting to the women of toil, who only ask for proper remuneration and equality in the field of labor, to win for themselves an honored independence.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe.

This distinguished and accomplished orator is now in our city. She gave a lecture on Wednesday evening at the Star Hall, on the Political Rights of Women, to a good audience of the most intelligent of our people. Mrs. C. said:

"This movement naturally flows from the state of society in which we find ourselves. It had its origin in no fiction, in no rabble, in no cabal. It arose from no transient impulse which sprung up but to die. It grew out of no fresh innovation upon the right of the sex; but is founded in the wants of the people, the whole people and seems to be the bursting of a sentiment whose seed has laid hidden in the soil for centuries. It could not but be. It was foreordained in the order of nature.* Its germ was in many a heart and being nourished by the same needs, it has received a ponderous tramp whose top is bathed in the morning sun of a new day, and whose branches afford to many a dove the olive leaf of hope.

Without knowledge of one another, without collusion or previous consent, arose a class of women who all spoke the same tongue; but so differing

from the rest of the world that at first they were believed to be barbarians, and certainly were treated as such. They came from the East and the West, from the North and the South, and sat down together under the branches of the goodly tree, engaging its shelter and partaking its fruits. A proof that the Divine hand had planted the seed and his breath had quickened it into life."

The following glorious sentiment struck our fancy:

"Faith is the great lever which moves the world. Without it nothing great was ever accomplished. Truths uttered through the simple inspiration of faith have echoed throughout the wide arches of the universe. Genius, all genius has its beginning in this small grain of mustard seed, the man knew not what he could do but faith moved him onward. There was an irrepressible longing to be or to do. Beauty has faith in her inspirations—art taste, glory, fame, all glow and govern throughout the medium of faith. Faith, then is the motto of realities.

Intuitive and quick it sees that which is to be. It reads its own horiscope in the future and lies down quietly to rest under the shadow of its own protection. It goes and comes at pleasure. It walks where other feet dare not tread, and in its vaulting strides makes the rough places in life smooth under its step. It wills and accomplishes. It shrinks at no danger and is subdued at no opposition.

Speaking of the power and influence of untrameled education, Mrs. Coe alluded to Antioch College. In the Literary Institutes, said she, that are now coming into being, giving woman equal educational advantages with man, we see the blossoming out of this reform. The living lessons which the young ladies of Antioch, in their daily duties are giving the world, is sufficient in itself to revolutionize society. Quiet, gentle and lady like, they are yet strong in the strength of the Eternal. Insisting upon the right, and yielding to no wrong, they are hourly teaching lessons which must be written in letters of light on the tablets of the young hearts around them. Earnest in the pursuit of knowledge, they are fast demonstrating to the world that equal educational advantages will secure to woman an equal education." And I will venture to assert that in no institution in the country can gentlemen be found entertaining purer or more exalted ideas of womanhood, than those whose privilege it is to mingle daily in the classes with those young ladies. Such is the influence of the reform, not only in the educational, but also in the industrial departments of life.

Of the advocates of the movement, Mrs. C. said: Nor were those women from the most suffering and distressed of their sex. There is no more subtle fallacy existing in the minds of men than that from the most degraded, oppressed and ignorant comes the impulse to reform. It is a truth that must be apparent to the slightest observation that it is not those who are best qualified to become the opponents of any great and glorious reform. The Russian serf, the Italian peasant, are certainly in a much less favorable condition to assert and maintain any principle of right, of justice, than in the women of America. When wearied nature is worn down by oppression, it yields to despair, unwilling to make an effort. A certain degree of light in the head, of warmth in the heart, and of vigor in the limbs to furnish a proper basis for hope, and to inspire courage, and then when the faggots of truth are bundled together, let the torch of a penitent prosecution be applied, and the whole is soon kindled to a blaze.

History of Woman.

The *Woman's Advocate* is publishing an original story on the above subject, from the pen of Lydia Jane Pierson. To us it is highly interesting. It is a story of the undescribed, undescribable wrongs and sufferings of humanity, under the "Peculiar Institution" of chattel slavery, into which is woven home thrusts as to the wrongs of woman. We cannot refrain from giving the following conversation between the gentlemen, and further recommend to our friends to send to Annie McDowell, Philadelphia, \$2, a year's subscription, and get her excellent paper, and so have the whole story, beside excellent editorial and miscellany.

"I admit," replied Morrow, "that a bad man will be a bad master to his slave, his wife, or his children, for they are equally in his power. There is now and then a poor slave butchered by a demoniac master; and there is now and then a poor wife or defenceless child murdered, by a demoniac husband or father. I tell you, Bertrand, every married man is virtually a slaveholder. All wives are in the condition of slavery.—What privilege has your wife that Myra does not enjoy?"

"You astonish me, Morrow. Mary is my wife, and she is free."

"How is she free? Have you not a legal right to control her in all things? Are you not the master of her person, her actions and property? I have heard men rail against slavery, and denounce slaveholders, whose wives are more oppressed than slave women."

"Not so, Morrow. A wife is not tasked, and lashed and liable to be sold any day."

"Bertrand, I have had opportunities of observing the daily domestic life of farmers, mechanics, and other men, whose income forbade servants, and of course required all domestic duties of the wife. Is she not tasked who must prepare the regular meals, and take care of the children every day, unless she is violently ill. Who must wash and iron and mend; and make clothes for herself and children, if not for her husband. If her husband is kind hearted, she has the comfort of his approbation. Otherwise she is lashed, if not with a whip, with his unreasonable tongue, and she would be hardly the worse for a change of masters. Her husband may oppress her by withholding money from her; and he may forbid traders letting her have goods on credit. She endures all the trials of maternity; she toils day and night; she economizes, and is harrowed with a thousand cares; and a place in his house, her food and clothing is all she receives; and these are such as he can afford, or as he is willing to allow. She is subject to laws which she justly deems unjust and abominable, and which were framed for her oppression by her oppressors. Now wherein is she in reality better off than a slave? I know that slavery is a terrible evil—that all slaveholders are usurpers of a power which belongs exclusively to the Almighty. And I would exhort all abhorers of slavery, whose cry is, "Break every yoke and let the people go free—to begin at home, and having abolished their domestic slavery, proceed with clear hands, unblushing faces, and consistent language, to urge the emancipation of the colored race."

"I am conscious," said Bertrand, "that our wives do not enjoy the legal privileges to which they are entitled, and of which they have abundantly found themselves worthy. But still, my friend, the wife holds a place of honor, is identified with her husband in reputa-

tion and social standing, and more than all, her children are free—entitled to all social privileges, and amenable to the highest honors of the State. Her sons have an inherent voice in the government of their country—an open competition in all the ways to wealth and respectability. The slaves see the future of her children, however amiable, dutiful or active they may be, dark with the curse the doom of slavery, perpetual, cringing, unremunerated, hopeless servitude."

"Well," said Morrow, cheerfully, "you who champion the best cause, have in consequence the best of the argument. Power to oppress is a dangerous weapon in any human hand, and those who love it become tyrants. No man should be trusted with unlimited power over any fellow creature. Yet trust me, Bertrand, "there are very few abusive slave masters, and the evils of servitude are greatly exaggerated. But here comes the groom with the horses. Let us be off."

"Evils may be exaggerated, yet they do exist," muttered Bertrand, as he followed his friend from the room.

From the Female Department of Indiana Farmer.

DOMESTIC LABOR.

As a Republican people, it should ever be our aim to sustain the dignity of labor. Domestic labor is calculated to promote the health of both body and mind. Especially was it accounted honorable in olden times, when ladies of high rank and great distinction often engaged in household labor. We read of the daughters of a powerful prince drawing the water with their own hands, and washing the finelinen of their respective families. The celebrated Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her attendants. Needle-work and the care of household affairs was the occupation of Queens and Princesses. But the tendency of the age is a contempt for useful occupation, especially for females to engage in household or domestic labor—hence we see young ladies affecting to despise every thing connected with the household arrangements, or the art of culinary preparations the result of which is, indolence winds her fascinating coils around them, they spend their time in novel reading, frivolousness, vain amusements or silly conversation, while the mother, toil-worn and weary, bears the burden alone which should be shared by her thankless daughters. There is nothing unlady-like or inconsistent with true refinement and education in attending to the wants of a family.

The details of house-keeping are of an endless variety, and it has been truly said, "Woman's work is never done." Mrs. Sigourney says that no "woman having charge of a family will need resort to calisthenics, jumping the rope, or tossing grace hoops for exercise. The sphere of the faithful house-keeper is full of care; for if she does not perform all the labor herself, she must superintend and see that it is rightly done; and here let me urge upon mothers the importance of early teaching their children to be industrious—first to help themselves, and then to help others. They will thus feel the pleasure of industry, and also have the happiness of assisting to lift the burden from the shoulders of the mother: she will at the same time have more leisure for the cultivation of her mind, and be able to devote some time to the mental culture of her children. We are not one of those who believe that a distaste for household industry is the immediate effect of a highly cultivated mind or a liberal educa-

tion; on the contrary, we fear that it is the fault of the mother who neglects constantly to mingle domestic knowledge with intellectual cultivation. It is not that our daughters have been too highly educated, but that it has not been judiciously mingled with instruction in domestic labor. We have been pained to see the life of drudgery which some, nay, we will say most of our farmer's wives lead—they not only perform the part of cook, chambermaid, wash-woman, seamstress, dairy maid, &c., but actually feed the pigs, saw the wood, make the fires, yes, and even black husband's boots if he should happen to take a notion to go to town. Now, this is all wrong, and no man who really has a sincere love and respect for his wife, will lay such burdens upon her, degrading her to the condition of a galley-slave. Let every farmer surround himself with those comforts and conveniences that will be calculated to facilitate and lighten her labor, and try to bear in mind that woman has not the muscular strength to endure hardships, as the sterner sex. Continued hard labor and incessant toil will make her prematurely old. Then as far as possible, preserve her youth and health for the cultivation of her mind, and instruction and training of her children, and you will be rewarded by the sunshine of her sweet and cheerful smile in your dwelling.

Somebody trod upon it.

"I guess somebody trod upon it when it was a little fellow."

So said a little child when asked if he could tell why a full grown vigorous tree grew crooked. How painfully suggestive the reply, "trod upon when it was a little fellow." The dew and the sunshine lent their aid to beautify, the rain and the fruitful earth to strengthen, but it availed not; when it was a "little fellow" somebody trod upon it; its glossy, green stem grew curved, its juices turned into new channels, deformity claimed the young tree and bowed its princely head.

We thought of the tall old man, bent, shriveled, and hoarding a button that he might coin it to gold, locking his head in iron, putting his very smiles out at interest. Once he was a generous, trusting boy; once benevolence was his crowning virtue. What shrivelled its vitals into premature avarice? Alas! when it was a little fellow somebody trod upon it. The sweet little germ had hardly expanded its little leaves to the light of day before cold calculation lifted its leader foot, and crushed it out of all beauty. The tree grew crooked until its deformity shamed the heavens—and the generous child became the man of adamant.

A little girl, with every winning grace of childhood, looked from her stately home upon groups of happy children, and begged to join them. She saw them stain their hands with berries, dance to the music of their own voices, hunt the sward for mosses, and she begged to put off her finery and go in a white frock that would leave her limbs free, that she might laugh and shout and dance with them. But false pride and stern prejudice said no. Years after, a woman trod the halls of fashion. Crowds followed her, for she was beautiful, but hollow-hearted, false and cruel as beautiful. It was she, who, in her childhood, longed to be a child. Pure as an angel, lovely in all her attributes, humility had then lifted its pale blossom in her little heart, when "somebody trod upon it," and it neither grew straight, nor fresh, nor tall forever after.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

PERKINS.—This name is becoming famous. A lady friend of ours called on us on her way to the teachers' association, which met a short time since in Madison. She said that at a certain station a little way back, a man—intoxicated to a staggering point—made his way into the car in which she was seated, and was met by the conductor with—"you must leave the car and go into the baggage, you have got a little too much Perkins."—*Temperance Wreath*.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION. TO THE PEOPLE OF INDIANA.

In consequence of the recent decision of the Supreme Court, in effect annulling the law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, the undersigned, members of the State Central Temperance Committee, at the request of many friends, have deemed it advisable to call a Convention of all the men in Indiana who favor the cause of temperance, and have fixed the day of the Convention the 22d of February, 1855, and the place Indianapolis.

We believe that it is the earnest desire of the people of Indiana to eradicate the evils of intemperance by a sound and affective law; and that they are ready by all lawful and honorable means to secure that end. That they are well convinced that moral suasion, without law, is insufficient to carry out the Temperance reformation, and that nothing but such a law can. Year after year thousands have petitioned the Legislature for such a law—thousands have organized into Associations, have expended their means, have devoted their time and all their energies to accomplish that purpose. It has become a part of the policy of our State.

In obedience to the will of the majority and to these loud and repeated calls, twice within the last five years have the representatives of the people enacted laws restraining the free traffic in intoxicating drinks; twice have the Supreme Court declared them void; twice has a flood of disorder, misery, drunkenness, disease, crime and death been poured upon the unwilling and unoffending heads of our citizens. They are thrown again upon their native and inalienable right of self-defence; again they must assemble, and organize and petition. A new legislature is to be elected, a new law is to be enacted. Not till then will the reign of order and sobriety be restored. The brief experience since the annulling of the law has proved this to every reasoning mind. The riots, murders and arson, the delirium and death that stalk abroad in community tell this. The voice of humanity and the cries of the afflicted equally declare this to be true.—Therefore the undersigned have deemed it expedient that the people again should meet in Convention to concert measures in accordance with their fixed and unalterable purpose, that Indiana shall be a temperance State.

We do most earnestly recommend to the people immediate action in the premises—that they call meetings, revive their Temperance Societies, establish new ones, and unite in sending full delegations at the time we have designated. Let not the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, the Social Circles, the Degrees and the Templars be unrepresented in a meeting so important and vital to the well being of Indiana.

We further request all papers friendly to the cause of Temperance throughout the State to publish this call immediately.

CALVIN FLETCHER,
JAMES BLAKE,
WM. HANAMAN,
E. H. BARRY,
WM. ROBSON.

IS IT LOVE OR FOLLY?—Almost every day some brute of a husband is arrested here for beating his wife, and in the great majority of cases, when the brutes are brought up for trial or judgement, the bruised and lacerated wives either refuse to testify, or else "beg off" from punishing the fiends to whom their destinies are linked. This may be considered by people of a poetical turn of mind, a touching evidence of "woman's love," but we call it a striking example of woman's folly. We cannot comprehend how a woman can love a man who has beaten her worse than as if she were a worthless dog—a man too, who ought to protect instead of harm her. If wives would give up pardoning the rascals who inflict personal violence upon them, we think wife-whippers would become very scarce. They are the meanest of cowards, and if they knew the penitentiary would be the certain consequences of an assault upon their helpmeets, they would put their hands into their pockets, and vent their rage upon something inanimate.

OUR BEST SOCIETY.

The above topic has recently been discussed in the San Francisco Chronicle by two ladies of our city, "Sunshine" and "Yankee." Sunshine declares that the parvenue gentry of this place were servant girls at the East, who forsook their kitchens and kersey frocks to flourish in brocades morning, noon and evening, in California society. But the gentlemen—oh! they are nature's noblemen—brave gallant, generous spirits—rich or poor, high or low, they are worthy of our heart's best affections."—Alas! poor Sunshine.

Yankee speaks a word in favor of the despised class of Yankee girls, repudiates the charge against them, and rather more than hints that Sunshine's opinion of California gentlemen is all "moonshine."

"Our best society," then, Sunshine and Yankee, is poor at best, but we will analyze it if you please—try it by the touch stone of intelligence, industry and virtue, the only test of all good society, without which wealth is less than tawdry tinsel, and honor and bravery, mere words to tickle the ears of folly. It is a curious conglomeration, this community of ours, composed of every nation, kindred, tongue and people under heaven, with their different habits of life, their curious styles of dress, their peculiar tastes and various degrees, of intelligence; but the chapter would be too lengthy for a daily Journal were we to touch upon all classes from the various quarters of the globe, so we limit ourselves to our own America, and that peculiarly favored portion, the United States.

The New England States furnish us with the best part of our industrial population—intelligent mechanics, inventors of labor-saving machines and others equally useful, scientific farmers, tradesmen, merchants and capitalists; and of the female portion who have the care of families, dress-makers, bonnet makers and teachers of schools; but rarely a household servant—Ireland and China furnish domestics of this class; Yankee girls are too independent in their character to place themselves in the position of menials, although as much cannot be said of all Yankee politicians. The Middle States supply us with the larger part of our lawyers, physicians, and heavy mining operators. The South contributes politicians, speculators and soldiers, filibuster patriots inspired with an inflammable zeal to serve their country, and crown the head of Washington with another wreath of glory, who rush boldly forth into the heart of a neighboring State, and with a handful of men, put its fierce warriors to flight, possess themselves of their dwellings, and hang out the banner of liberty upon the outer walls! And we have also, from this sunny section a liberal supply of gentlemen of leisure, in addition to their families and tenants.—The Western wilderness sends us the sons and daughters of the hardy pioneers who cut down its mighty forests, and with the broad axe hewed themselves a home in its unpeopled solitudes.—These are possessed of indomitable wills and prejudices, and have but little mental culture, compared with their parents who emigrated from the East, and were educated in the District school-house which forms a striking feature of every New England village, and gleams pleasantly and hopefully upon the eye of the summer traveler, through the bright green foliage of ancestral trees. They perform that portion of the labor which requires unremitting effort, rather than skill and genius.—For the rest, we have blacklegs and swindlers in abundance, from every large city in the Union, North, South, East and West.

Now, it is evident that our "best society" must be composed of the most intelligent and virtuous men and women from all these sections of country—and our prejudices should not prevent us from acknowledging this truth. And this is a class of intelligent ladies and gentlemen who are industrious from principle. They prefer occupation to idleness for the reason that the former contributes to their own happiness, and promotes the prosperity of society; while the latter tends to individual unhappiness, crime, and social ruin. And they honor labor because it is elevating—God like—because it distinguishes man from inanimate nature and from the beasts of the field, and raises him to sublime companionship with the Eternal Father who fills immensity with his works. And be-

cause when He impressed His image upon our natures, we received a portion of His own Creative power, of that undying activity that must find scope and direction in the useful and beautiful in order to be happy. Would that this truth could be written in letters of flame all over the world, that occupation is the great secret of human enjoyment, because it is a necessity of man's nature, and that idleness, of necessity, contributes to ennui, mental disease, crime, misery and death; ay, yearly contributes its thousands.—This class of persons will not first inquire of meeting strangers to what section of the Union they belong, or what was the occupation of their ancestors, or whether they themselves can boast of wealth, and titles, and distinguished acquaintances before they award them the name of ladies and gentlemen; if they find them educated and virtuous, earnest and true-hearted, and polite from the grace of their own natures, they disregard all antecedents and warmly extend to them the right hand of social fellowship. We are proud of such men and women—they honor humanity. The wealth of the mind is all that is truly valuable in time—all that is endurable in eternity. How pitiable is the false criterion by which the world judges of merit! How foolish the trifling distinctions of mere fashionable, heartless society. "The mind alone is the standard of the man."

Again, "our best society" is not composed of those who over-dress, in some respects, and under-dress in others, presenting their almost nude busts in the streets to the gaze of our gentlemen of leisure on promenade; who out-French French fashions. Oh, no! That class of ladies do not believe that the highest ambition of life is to dress, to spend the monies of their liege lords in costly silks and diamonds. They adorn themselves tastefully, neither gaudily nor extravagantly. Sunshine believes that Yankee girls furnish this shocking style of extravagant dressing, and promenading in party finery—if they do they have a large number of imitators from every section of the Union. But Sunshine is wrong; the Yankee girls have too much good sense, are too intelligent and consistent to display such mauvaiston, such a style does not harmonize with their taste and the sombre hues of the North—the light and gay colored silks and satins belong to a warmer clime—let Sunshine take another observation.

But this error is trifling compared with her judgment of the gentlemen of California. She styles them brave; well it is true that they make forays into neighboring States, put the inhabitants to the sword, take possession of their dwellings, and pronounce themselves heroes—they do lynch cattle thieves and others in defiance of law and order—they do also shoot each other down in our public avenues, in open day, as well as under the cover of darkness, for real or imaginary insults, and when they happen to fire upon the wrong man, they are "gallant" enough to beg pardon for the slight mistake, if he be not "too dead" to hear.—Sunshine calls them "generous spirits." Yes, in one sense, it may be, for they bet heavily, play deeply, drink freely, smoke constantly, and expend millions, yearly, upon those unfortunate victims of our corrupt society who throng the thoroughfares of our city, and vie in magnificence of dress with our fashionable ladies. But it must be remembered that the spoils of office furnishes the gold that thus "perisheth." If they were obliged to work for their money, they might not spend it so generously! Sunshine thinks them "worthy of our heart's best affections. Aye, "there's the rub."—Would to heaven they were!—for then would our drinking saloons, gambling hells and houses of prostitution be closed, and the demons of vice lose their yearly sum of victims. Would to heaven they were!—for then would our Vigilance Committees be disbanded, and our judges administer justice.

But, thank God, there are a few choice spirits in California, who have not disgraced their manhood, and the mothers who gave them birth. They stand in the glory and strength of right principles, monuments of moral power to which the eye of our infant State can turn with pride for the present, and hope for the future. Moralists, and not filibusters, are the redeemers of the world.—Temperance Journal.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

AMUSEMENTS.

DEAR READERS:—We are in the midst of the holiday season—the season of festivities and social amusements,—and it seems particularly appropriate just now to give some words of encouragement mingled with cautions.

While at the house of a friend, not long since I noticed a fine large swing just put up for the little ones; and after dinner, one of the larger boys proposed that we all go out a little while and have a general swing. This was done, but just as enjoyment was at its height, the father came along and shouted. "Come, come, boys, you are too old to play and waste your time like little children." "But father," they said, "we shall have to sit in school all the afternoon, and we want some exercise first." "Come and saw wood, then," was the reply, "it will give you as good exercise, and be useful too." Have not most of you heard similar reasoning?

The American people are proverbially utilitarian, and indulge in almost nothing of which they cannot see the use, except profane swearing and tobacco chewing. The French, Swiss, German, and even the English nations, are fond of amusements—of games and plays; parents uniting with their children in these diversions, and the result is, healthy, robust children; but the Americans have little time and less inclination for such things, except in early years, and the result is, almost entire devotion to study, business and care, with weakened constitutions, poor health and shortened lives, as the consequence.

There are, too, a large class in this country who have conscientious objections to engaging in plays or other amusements. They deprecate the whole, and think it a useless and wicked waste of precious time; that it is better to saw wood than to play ball, to sweep houses than to romp and play.

The American is the only nation we know of that need urging to engage in play; but could we induce our country men and country women to look upon innocent diversions as a blessing to all classes, as something to be coveted and cultivated—could we persuade our Christian friends that recreation and amusement are a demand of our nature which cannot properly be met in any other way, and that therefore they are proper, and should be encouraged, we should feel that we had accomplished a work which would result in the greatly increased health and happiness of the nation.

By amusement we mean any pursuit which is sought simply for the recreation and pleasure it affords, without reference to future results, or rather perhaps, when this is the main object. Amusement is a healthful stimulus to the brain and nerves, without which they become sluggish, morbid and diseased. Few persons can have healthful bodies and cheerful dispositions who habitually devote every working hour to the business and duties of life, without taking any time for recreation.

There are nerves and muscles in the body which need laughter for their exercise, and all physiologists agree that nothing is more conducive to good health than hearty laughter. Even ladies should have the privilege of laughing aloud. They need not be rude or coarse about it; but the instruction so commonly given to misses, that they should never laugh so as to be heard, is in our view based upon a sickly and corrupt, not a healthful civilization and morality.

The love of play is innate; it was implanted within us by our Creator, and there remains until removed by rigid training, or an undue weight of care and sorrow. That time is not wasted, but put to good use, that gives exercise to the muscles and at the same time rests and refreshes the wearied brain and nerves. Employments should be varied enough to prevent fatigue as far as possible, yet this will not take the place of recreation, and neither will work; for exercise of the muscles is not all that is wanted, but entire relaxation of the mind. The brain and nerves want relief, and the exuberance of spirits, the freshness of wit, the sparkling eye and glow of health upon the cheek, these are the product of healthful, invigorating play.

Work we believe is essential to the proper development of our physical natures, and recreation not less so. Adults need it as much as children

If the men of business, the toil-worn fathers, and overworn, care-exhausted mothers, would but join their children at the evening hour, and engage in some pleasant, amusing play, they would find the weary frame rested, the irritable nerves soothed, fretfulness gone, and cheerfulness and contentment taking their place.

But increased cheerfulness and augmented health to the parent, would prove but one of the beneficial results of such relaxation. The influence upon the children would be found highly salutary. It would not only have a tendency to restrain them from excesses, but would increase their attachment to their parents, their love for and confidence in them. Children long for the sympathy and co-operation of their parents in their cherished pursuits; and parents who yield this sympathy and co-operation, we believe are the ones who generally receive the best obedience, and the most perfect and unreserved confidence of their children. The social bond is cemented, all become more attached to, and interested in each others' pursuits, and the happiness of all is promoted.

Still there is need of caution. With many young people there is danger of excess in devotion to amusements; and it is this, doubtless, that has caused so much opposition on the part of Christians. One's love for amusements is scarcely a safe guide, as it is generally true that those who least need them love them best, and those who really require them, avoid them altogether.

Too much time should never be devoted to amusements, nor time that properly belongs to other duties. Care should always be taken, too, that none of the plays are permitted to degenerate into rudeness, coarseness or vulgarity; and no games or plays should ever be tolerated which are of questionable morality. The number of games, for instance, whose interest centres in the kissing for forfeits, we think had better be dispensed with, and so of most games of chance or skill which are of a similar nature to gambling, and naturally lead on to it.

There are enough of a better character; multitudes that are beneficial and instructive as well as entertaining. There are conundrums, puzzles, etc., abounding in many of our newspapers; there are games and plays, too, that exercise the body and at the same time educate the mental faculties. At some times and with some persons, mental amusements are most desirable, at others, physical.

The dance has been a source of much disagreement between different classes of society for many years, some thinking it a natural and healthful diversion, others an injurious and sinful amusement yet we think almost any candid mind must admit that the dance has much to recommend it and could we have it practised as in former times, when by day and in the open air, and accompanied by various musical instruments, the Jewish people, young and old, all joined in their sacred dances, and as other ancient and modern nations have practised it, and as the Western Indians, who still conduct their various dances in the open air, with the stars for chandeliers, who should commend it to our readers; but on the contrary, the dance with us is conducted by night instead of day, thus violating the first principles of nature. Then the close, overheated rooms, the glare of gas lights, the unhealthy style of dress, the mixed society, much of which is of questionable morality, the rich food and too often strong drink, the ride home in the night air, all conduce to make this as unhealthy, as it was in former times a healthful amusement. Moreover, some of the modern dances are we think decidedly demoralizing, and rather than expose young friends to the danger of being drawn under such influences, we should entirely prohibit their acquiring the art, at least until the character was that of a settled Christian, and then we think there would be little desire for it.

Indeed, in the practice of calisthenics, now becoming so popular, we can gather the useful without exposure to the injuries influences of the dance, and we greatly desire to see calisthenics introduced into every school. Gymnasiums, too, are sadly needed. Young men, and especially misses at boarding schools, generally suffer greatly from want of proper amusement and proper exercise, both which would be combined in a high degree in the exercises of the gymnasium.

Out of door exercises, whenever the weather will permit, are still more healthful and invigorating than in-door amusements. Gardening and horticulture in their proper season, afford some of the most delightful recreations that can be found.—The ladies would find the lighter branches of these most healthful relief from the sedentary occupations of the needle.

Horseback riding, too, can scarcely be too highly commended. We rejoice to see it becoming so popular, as an amusement and an accomplishment as well as a medicine for the feeble.

J. C. B.

COLD FEET are the avenues to death of multitudes every year—it is a sign of imperfect circulation, of want of vigor of constitution. No one can be well, whose feet are habitually cold. When the blood is equally distributed to every part of the body, there is general good health. If there be less blood at any one point than is natural, there is coldness; and not only so, there must be more than is natural at some other part of the system, and there is fever, that is, unnatural heat or oppression. In the case of cold feet, the amount of blood wanting there, collects at some part of the body which happens to be the weakest, to be the least able to throw up a barricade against the rushing enemy. Hence, when the lungs are the weakest, the blood gathers there in the shape of a common cold, or spitting blood. Clergymen and other public speakers and singers, by improper exposures often render the throat the weakest part; to such cold feet give hoarseness or a raw burning feeling, most felt at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck. To others, again, whose bowels are weak through over-eating, or drinking spirituous liquors, cold feet gives various degrees of derangement from common looseness up to diarrhoea or dysentery; and so we might go through the whole body; but for the present this is sufficient for illustration.

If you are well, let yourself alone. But to those whose feet are inclined to be cold we suggest.

As soon as you get up in the morning put both feet at once in a basin of cold water, so as to come half way up the ankles; keep them in half a minute in winter, a minute or two in summer, rubbing them vigorously, wipe dry, and hold to the fire, if convenient, in cold weather, until every part of the foot feels as dry as your hand, then put on your socks or stockings.

On going to bed at night, draw off your stockings and hold the feet to the fire for ten or fifteen minutes until dry, and get into bed. This is a most pleasant operation, and fully repays for the trouble of it. No one can sleep well or refreshingly with cold feet. All Indians and hunters sleep with their feet to the fire.

Never step from the bed with your naked feet on an uncarpeted floor. I have known it to be the exciting cause of months of illness.

Wear woolen, cotton or silk stockings, whichever keep your feet the most comfortable; do not let the experience of another be your guide, for different persons require different articles: what is good for a person whose feet are naturally damp, cannot be good for one whose feet are always dry. The donkey who had his bag of salt lightened by swimming a river, advised his companion who was loaded down with a sack of wool to do the same, and having no more sense than a man or woman, he plunged in, and in a moment the wool absorbing the water, increased the burden many fold, and bore him to the bottom.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A FRAGMENT.—This most exquisite utterance from the heart of Mrs. Barret Browning:

Speak low to me my Savior, low and sweet;
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so.
Who are not missed by any that entreat,
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—
And if no precious gems my hand bestow,
Let my tears droplike ambers, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice, complete
In humanest affection—thus in sooth
To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

From Life Illustrated.

Religion and Language in New Zealand.

M. Chouvet, a French missionary who spent the three years from 1843 to 1846 among the natives of New Zealand, has, at the pressing solicitation of his friends, just given to the world the result of his observations in two thin volumes. We here for the first time learn something definite in relation to the religion of the aborigines of New Zealand, which has heretofore been generally supposed to consist of nothing more than taboo-worship. Here we find that these cannibals believe in a life beyond the gridiron (?) and have no reverence for idols of human manufacture. Highest among their divinities stand three brothers, Mawi, Mawipotiki, and Taki, the creators of the world—that, New Zealand. Two general classes of traditions of creation are found among barbarous nations—one in which water is created first, and then land, and the other in which this priority is reversed. These two classes have been attributed to differences in the geological formation of the countries; but it would seem that the traditions of barbarous nations could not be old enough to remount to geological periods, and that it would be doing them altogether too much honor to suppose that they are the debris of an ancient science. Most of the cosmogonic traditions of the North American Indians teach that the land was made after the water, and commonly it is, a great bird which comes up out of the depths of the sea in pursuit of a grain of corn. The now extinct aborigines of the West Indies supposed, on the contrary, that their Islands were formed by a partial drowning of the continent, the overflow leaving only the mountains and highlands uncovered. The New Zealanders incline to the original water hypothesis; and perhaps science underlies their cosmogony. In the Pacific the most recent creations of geological forces are very abundant in the coral islands, which one can almost see growing out of the ocean, and it is possible that the observation of this process may be the groundwork of their cosmogony. This is the story that they tell.

"Mawi came down from heaven and wandered about over the sea until he found a rock which then rose where now the northern island, Ikana Mawi, lies. Here he stopped, and set down to fish, and as he could find no better bait for his hook, he killed the two children which his wife Hina had born him and took their jaws. The right eye of one of them was changed into the morning star, which is called Malariki, and the right eye of the other was also taken to heaven, where it is still shining, the evening star, Reveahiahi. One day now, while Mawi was fishing with the jaw of his eldest son he felt a noble bite. He tried for a long time to pull the thing out of the water, but he could not. He supposed it must be some sea-monster; so he fastened his line to the bill of a dove, and then breathed his strength into the dove. The bird arose in the air and drew out of the deep a monstrous fish. This was to be New Zealand.—As soon as he rose above the water the fisher-god and his brothers leaped upon him, transformed him into solid lead, and then dried it. Afterward, as they were walking about the shore for pleasure, they made plains, and hills, and mountains, and valleys, and covered them with grass, and trees, and living things. During one of these promenades Mawi saw fire for the first time. He thought it very beautiful, and put out his hand to take hold of it. And it burned his fingers so that he could not bear it, and he rushed down into

the sea. Straightway he came back laden with brimstone, out of which the volcanoes grew. Mawipotiki and Maki shared the labor and the fame of their brother. Taki made the first man out of clay, and when he died he was carried away to heaven on a spider's web and his eye was changed into the South Polar Star."

In these three principal deities, adds the pious missionary, and in the way in which the first man and New Zealand, which before the arrival of Europeans was thought to be the universe, were created, one can recognize a disjointed fragment of an original revelation, especially the dogma of the Trinity and the creation of the world and of Adam.

Eating and Sleeping.

Eating too much.—What countless thousands it puts into Doctor's pockets, furnishes his splendid mansion in Union square and Fifth avenue, enables him to sport his carriage, to own a villa on the banks of the Hudson, and live in style to the end of the chapter.

"I can't help it," says the poor unfortunate milk-and-water individual, who never had decision enough to do a deed worthy of remembrance an hour later. My wishy-washy friend, suppose I help you to avoid making a beast of yourself.

Have two articles of food sent to your room, beside bread and butter, with half a glass of cold water. I will give you permission to eat as much as you want, thus, thrice a day. Or if you prefer eating with company, you may safely sit down to the "best table" in the land, if you have manhood enough to partake of but any two articles. *It is the variety of our food which brutifies us.*

Don't Sleep Well.—Since the fullest amount of sleep is as essential to the healthful working of mind as necessary food, it may be well to know how to secure it, as a general rule.

1. Clarify your conscience.
2. Take nothing later than two o'clock P. M., except some bread and butter, and a small cup of tea of any kind, or half a glass of water for supper.
3. Go to bed at some regular early hour. Get up the moment you wake of yourself, even if midnight.
4. Do not sleep an instant in the day time.

Unless your body is in a condition to require special medical advice, nature will regulate your sleep to the wants of the system, in less than a month, and you will not only go to sleep at once, but will sleep soundly. "Second naps" and siestas make the mischief.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

MARTHA AND MARY.

These were two amiable disciples of our Lord. They often entertained him, and were profited by his precious instructions. Each was an object of his love. He enjoyed their hospitality, and they partook of the benefit of his teachings. He showed them the way of life, and they walked therein. He visited them in their affliction, sympathized in their sorrows, and administered to their joy.

But, while each of these sisters was a beloved disciple, they were vastly different, in one aspect. The elder was enterprising, and disposed to administer to others' wants; the younger was retiring, and inclined to be a recipient. Martha showed her love, in her readiness to supply the needs of the hungry body; Mary testified her affection by gratifying her own appetite with the words of knowledge. The one appeared benevolent, doing good; the other herself seeking a benefit.

The valued sisters may be considered as representatives of classes in the Church, each really

Christians, but one class far more wise and more happy, than the other. Martha is the representative of men, as well as women, who are busy and bustling; they have scarcely any time to read, hear, or pray. If even the Saviour would call, and entertain the household with the most heavenly instruction, they would not have leisure, unless it were just at the hour of prayer, to attend to him. They would even reproach these members of the family who lent to him a listening ear, or drank in knowledge; reproach them, not for hearing, nor for learning, but for neglecting a service then pressing. Every thing in its season they would say.

Now, we are friendly to labor; to diligence in labor. Industry is a virtue. But man was not made entirely for bodily toil; neither is the body and its needs to be the sole object of carefulness. It is important, as the tenement of the soul; and of still more value as the soul's instrument, and as the medium of the soul's sensations. Let it then not be despised, nor its wants neglected, neither in our own case nor in that of our friends and guests. But, at the best, it is of short endurance. One thing is needful, and that one thing is not good for the perishing, but for the immortal part of man; and it is to be secured when the opportunity occurs; secured it at the accepted time; secured first.

Mary is a sample of those, both male and female, who will attend to the wants of the immortal part. They will embrace the first, the present, and every opportunity. Devotion will, with them, have a place. They will find time for religion; and when providential circumstances afford a peculiar favorable occasion, nothing, not even the claims of hospitality in their own mansion, will keep them from its cultivation. They know what is the one thing needful, and they so resolutely choose the good part, that the securing of it is, with them, the first of all duties, and its enjoyment the first of all pleasures.—*P. Banner and Advocate.*

Prohibition in New Brunswick.

Queen Victoria has given her seal and sanction to the prohibitory law of New Brunswick, and orders all of her Majesty's officers to carry it into effect. The law went into operation New Years day. Most Worthy Patriarch Tilley, of St. John, writes to the New York Observer as follows:

"Leagues are being organized in nearly every county in the province, and there is a very general determination that the law shall be enforced. We have now, to all appearance a thorough law; and upon our success depends in a great measure, the result of legislation on this subject in the neighboring colonies.—We feel the responsibility that this devolves upon us, and we hope, in view of the magnitude of the question now depending upon our exertions, that in this struggle we will have the sympathy of our friends throughout the Union; and relying upon the 'Great Patriarch above,' we may reasonably hope for success."

MARRIAGE OF FANNY FERN.—Mr. JAMES PARTON, well known in literary circles as the author of the "Life of Horace Greeley," was married to Mrs. SARA PAYSON ELDRIDGE—Fanny Fern—on Saturday, the 5th inst.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—On the 29th ult., in Allegheny City, Pa., ELLA LUCRETIA, infant daughter of Joseph W. and Mary E. Wilson, aged 5 months and 10 days.

"Bright to the sun expands the vernal rose,
And sweet the Lily of the Valley blows;
Sudden impetuous whirlwinds sweep the sky,
They shed their fragrance, droop their heads and die.

Thus this sweet infant from life's storms retired,
Put forth fair blossoms, charmed us and expired."

Men's bodies may die, but their souls shall live on, and on, forever. Nor do angels ever cease to live.